Stephen Lynch, Vanilla Ice Cream

Have a seat and listen,
Please don't say a thing.
In matters of the heart sometimes,
The truth will have a sting.

Just don't take it personally:
This is no attack.
But we will never last, because I'm white
And you are... also white.

I only like black girls, the brown girls, the caf au lait.
Oh, caramel girls and mocha girls just blow me away.
If your a nubian,
I want you to be in
Every fantasy,
But if you're a whitey,
Say nighty-nighty,
You're just not the girl for me.

Oh, I hate vanilla ice cream, I like chocolate instead.
I hope she likes her soul food with a little Wonder Bread.
Don't call it Jungle Fever, 'cause that just isn't right.
I am not a racist: some of my best friends are white.

I just prefer black girls, the brown girls, the caf au lait.
Oh, caramel girls and mocha girls just blow me away.
If you're a cracker,
You better get blacker,
Or else you best get out.
It is no mystery,
I like a sister, see,
That's what I'm talkin' about.

Our wedding song will be "Ebony and Ivory",
And we'll sing Christmas carols 'round the old Kwanza tree.
But color is not the issue here: it's dignity, it's class.
It's all about her heart. ... OK, it's partly about that ass!

I want me some black girl, the brown girl, the caf au lait.
Oh, caramel girls and mocha girls just blow me away.
If you're a honkey,
You're singin' the wrong key,
It's the honest truth.
The skin that she's dwellin' in
Must contain melanin:
That is the Fountain of Youth.

Thomas Jefferson.

Robert DeNiro.

David Bowie.

To a certain extent... Ted Dansen.

Strom Thurmond!! Strom Thurmond!! Yeeeahh...